Buckingham

THE REHEARSAL,

As it is novv Acted

AT THE

Theatre-Royal.

The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the AUTHOR.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, and sold by *John Newton* under the *King's Head* Tavern over against the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-Street*. 1687.

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1687

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-play of ours
A Poeſie made of Weeds, inſtead of Flowers:
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your Noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this Night,
What ſtuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, briſk inſipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Senſe; but oft'ner none at all:
There, ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyſes *vein;*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now Criticks, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the ſtate
Of thoſe high-flyers, whom I imitate:
And juſtly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only ſhew the feats they do,
But give you all their Reaſons for 'em too.
Some Honour may to me from hence ariſe;
But if, by my Endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what you once ſo prais'd, ſhall now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetick rage,
Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your Stage.*

24 Je 47 Spencer

THE

The Actor's Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford*.
Prince *Prettyman*.
Prince *Volscius*.
Gentleman-Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant-General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Shirley.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor. } Mutes.
Judges. }
Serjeants at Arms. }

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford*.

THE

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Johnson *and* Smith.

Johns. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an Hour: And, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the Strange, New things we heard in the Country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the Impertinent, Dull, Fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and Fantaſtical! That's an excellent Compoſition. Pray, what are our Men of Buſineſs doing?

Johns. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt my humour lies another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: And therefore do naturally avoid the Company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever obſerved, that your grave lookers are the Dulleſt of Men.

Johns. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: Your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smi. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

Johns. Why, as I uſe to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a ſhe-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) ſuch Hideous, Monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid Non-ſenſe of your Men of Buſineſs, as the more ingenious Paſtime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johns. I, ſo do ſome of our City Wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! What kind is that?

Johns. Why your Virtuoſi, your Civil Perſons, your Drolls: Fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to Elevate and Surpriſe.

Smi. Elevate, and Surpriſe! Prithee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Senſe.

[*Mr.* Bayes *paſſes o'er the Stage.*

Bayes. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very ſervant, Sir.

Johns. God ſo, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Smi. No prethee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is: I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my ſake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my ſmall capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; eſpecially from a Perſon that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impoſe, Sir, upon this Sweet Sir, your ſervant.

Smi. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johns.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir: What is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? Do you mean the Plot?

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing; 'Tis all new Wit; and tho I say it, a better than my last: And you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Show, ay, and Pit, Box and Gallery, I Gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is its last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if You, and your Friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin Attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you —— I think it is in this pocket [*Puts his hand in his Pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way: But if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no Business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No cry you mercy: This is my book of *Drama Common Places*, the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. Drama Common Places! Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain Helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, Helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my Position. And I do here aver, That no Man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has Parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: Changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well; but how is this done by a Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood

ſtood? I take a book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere, for that's all one; if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has ſome, I Tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time) and if it be Verſe put it into Proſe.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be call'd Tranſproſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis ſo chang'd, that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-Book. Pray obſerve.

Johnſ. We hear you Sir: Go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty men reſort: I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I ſlap it down, and make that too, my own.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, Are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of theſe things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but preſently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perſeus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this ſubject: And ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or puting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of Wit, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir's, If you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacy of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-houſe, and you ſhall

shall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what Humour I'm to be in: Whether Angry, Melancholly, Merry, or in Love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! The Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the New way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the Old, Plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths, and Dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: And those are the things, you know, that are Essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome. Mr. —— a —— Ha'you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true Humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amoryllis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now, a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armaryllis*, because of her Armor: Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her Face would set off Armor extreamly; And, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns.

Johns. Then I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I Gad.

Bayes. No, I Gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Prythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticism, which by the Variation of the Masculine Adjective, instead of the Feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it Baudy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperance de ma vie*; (which I Gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes à ma vie Monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam---Songes vous à mon*, by Gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I Gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smi. How, kept! For what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Garson*; I am, ifackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with my self.

Johns. Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me Melancholy: and then I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I Gad, which mads me in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a Friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I Gad; but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing. *Johns.*

Johnſ. Phoo, Pox, That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay Gad, there's no truſting o'theſe Rogues; but — a —— Come, let's ſit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief Hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the Variety of all the ſeveral Accidents, which you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand Refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe Two Kings to be of the ſame place: as for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the ſame Relations to 'em both, the ſame Affections, the ſame Duty, the ſame Obedience, and all that; are divided among themſelves in Point of Devoir and Intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: theſe Kings differing ſometimes in Particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Johnſ. I did not obſerve you, Sir; pray ſay that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking Notice of this, or elſe you'l never underſtand my Notion of the Thing) the People being embarraſt by their equal Tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal Regard, as well to their own Intereſt as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a —— you underſtand me —— upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral Diſputes, Turmoils, Heart-burnings, and all that —— In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you ſee it. [*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smi. I find the Author will be very much obliged to the Players, if they make any Senſe out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now Gentlemen, I would fain ask your Opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue]: (do you mark?) nay they may both ſerve too, I Gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well; That's indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your Judgments, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know there is, in Nature, but Two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Inſinuation, good Language, and all that, to —— a —— in a manner, ſteal your Plaudit,

dit from the Courteſie of the Auditors: The other, by making uſe of ſome certain Perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch Cenſuring Perſons, as cannot otherways, A Gad, in Nature, be hindred from being too free with their Tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good Nature, they will not like my Play, I Gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my Head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a ——

Smi. I, But ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may Suppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your Suppoſe, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I Gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe quoth a!——ha, ha, ha. [*Walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! prethee *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: He is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relliſh, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the Old, Plain way; but I write for ſome Perſons of Quality, and Peculiar Friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: And they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. I, I, they will clap I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the Deſign's good: That cannot be deny'd. And then, for Language, I Gad, I defie 'em all, in Nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of Paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: And, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your Suppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. Nay, if the Buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: And therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: For let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of Perſons, they call Criticks, that, I Gad, have no more wit in them than ſo many Hobby-

Hobby-horſes; but they'l Laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things, that I Gad, I'm ſure, they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the Glories of perſons of Parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of perſons, that, I Gad, to my knowledg, of all perſons in the World are, in Nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that as—— a——In fine, I'll ſay no more of 'em.

Johnſ. Nay, you have ſaid enough of 'em, in all Conſcience: I'm ſure, more than they'l e'er be able to anſwer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bonâ fide*; were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious Perſons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd, I Gad, before I would e'er more ſet Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like Ingrates.

Johnſ. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and if I were in your place, now, I would do ſo.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain Tyes upon me, that I cannot be diſingag'd from; otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

Smi. By my troth, Sir; I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? for, I ſee, You can Judge. Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that wont do. Beſides, I have made another.

Johnſ. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johnſ. That's greater: I'd rather ſtick to that.

Bayes. Do you think ſo? I'll tell you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet I think, you'll ſay this is a *non pareillo*: I'm ſure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my firſt, you ſee I ſtrive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; ſo, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuſe for the perſons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johnſ. Phoo, Pox! then you have it Cock-ſure. They'l be hang'd before they'l dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that Lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate, dainty *Simile's* in the whole World, I Gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smi. Lets hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an alluſion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and Smell it gathering in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſtnut Groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves:
Penſive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore, and Gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johnſ. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

Bayes. I Gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't: Mr. *Johnſon*, I thank you; and I'll put it in, *profecto*, Come out *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, prethee ſpeak that a little louder, and with a hoarſe Voice. I am the bold *Thunder!* Pſhaw! Speak it me in a Voice that Thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you muſt be quick and nimble,
The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* dye.

Thun. I ſtrike Men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Criticks take heed how they Grumble.
For then begin I for to Rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
Or I'll blaſt all the Paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to S[illegible].

Thun. Let the Criticks look to't.

Light

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.
Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.
Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.
Thun. I'll give you Dash for Dash.
Light. I'll give you Flash for Flash.
Gallants I'll singe your Feather.
Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.
Both. Look to't; look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: Look to't, we'll do't [*Twice or thrice repeated.*
[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a Flash of a Prologue. A Droll.
Smi. Yes: 'tis short indeed; but very Terrible.
Bayes. Ay, when the *Simile's* in, it will do to a Miracle, I Gad. Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1. *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be here presently, he's but two Doors off.
Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Bayes, Johnson, *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOw, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whisper.
Smi. Umph! Very new, indeed.
Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir by your Habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Uſh. And by your Gait and Faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the Notion of Phyſician.

Phyſ. You hit my Function right.

Uſh. And you mine.

Phyſ. Then let's embrace.

Uſh. Come.

Phyſ. Come.

Johnſ. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe ſo very civil Perſons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher, and Phyſician of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johnſ. But, pray then, how comes it to paſs, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! That's for the better carrying of the Plot.

Johnſ. Very well.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you muſt know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? In the Tyring room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's ſo dull! Come, ſpeak again.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all theſe threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are graſp'd but by the Eye of Reaſon) melt into fruitful ſhowers of Bleſſings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johnſ. Yes; that graſping of a Storm, with the Eye, is admirable.

Phyſ. But yet ſome Rumours great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that —— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now he whiſpers.

Uſh. Alone do you ſay?

Phyſ. No; attended with the Noble —— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Again.

Uſh. Who, he in gray?

Phyſ. Yes; and at the head of —— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear.
These are the Reaſons that have mov'd him to't;
First he——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, They——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both He, and They——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both whiſper. [*Exeunt whiſpering.*
Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without Flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johnſ. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

Bayes. Why; becauſe it's New; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own Fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whiſpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is New, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppos'd to be Politicians; and Matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why———

Bayes. Sir, if you'l but reſpite your curioſity till the end of the Fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

Johnſ. How doſt thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not juſt as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo Fooliſh, but I could give ſome gueſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

Johnſ. It is all a like: Mr. *Winterſhul* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantaſtical, moſt abominably Dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

Smi.

Smi. It does ſurpriſe me, I'm ſure, very much.

Johnſ. I, but it wo'nt do ſo long: by that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'l ſhew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox on't, but there's no Pleaſure in him: he's too groſs a Fool to be Laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johnſ. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene moſt admirably: Tho, I muſt tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult Matter to pen a Whiſper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your ſelves, O'my word, you'l find it ſo.

Johnſ. Have a care of what you ſay, Mr. *Bayes*; for Mr. *Smith* there, I aſſure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the moſt part, I am in pretty good Health.

Bayes. I, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write Standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your ſelf?

Smi. Prepare my ſelf! what, the Devil, does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'l tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make uſe of Stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand Deſign in hand, I ever take Phyſick, and let blood: for when you would have pure ſwiftneſs of Thought, and Fiery flights of Fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive part. In fine, you muſt purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable Receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earneſt, I think, one of the beſt I have.

Smi. In good Faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir, I Gad, I'm ſure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way, be ſure you never take Snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why ſo, Sir?

Bayes

Bayes. Why, it ſpoil'd me once, I Gad, one of the Sparkiſheſt Playes in all *England*. But a Friend of mine, at *Greſham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to ſome Spirit of Brains, and, I Gad, that Shall do my buſineſs.

SCENA II.

Enter the Two Kings, Hand in Hand.

Bayes. OH, Theſe now are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their Stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, writ all juſt ſo.

1. *King.* Did you obſerve their Whiſper, Brother King?

2. *King.* I did; and heard, beſides, a grave Bird ſing,
That they intend, Sweet-heart, to play us Pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, becauſe they are both Perſons of the ſame Quality.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man ſpew.

1. *King.* If that Deſign appears,
I'l lug 'em by the Ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2. *King.* And ſo will I i'fack.

1. *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy.*

2. *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their Breeding

Johnſ. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2. *King.* Then ſpite of Fate, we'l thus combined ſtand;
And, like true Brothers, walk ſtill hand in hand.
[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johnſ. This is a very Majeſtick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for your Rogue Criticks, I Gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I Gad, if they do, this ſhall rub their Gums

Gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, that have written a whole Play juſt in this very ſame Stile; but 'twas never Acted yet.

Johnſ. How ſo?

Bayes. I Gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; (ha,ha,ha,) it is ſo pleaſant a Story: ha,ha,ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I Gad, the Players refus'd to Act it, Ha,ha,ha.

Smi. That's impoſſible.

Bayes. I Gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I Gad, Ha,ha,ha.

Johnſ. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I Gad, they are the Rudeſt, Uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the whole World, I Gad: I Gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart load of things every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, theſe inſolent Raſcals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johnſ. Strange Fellows indeed!

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this Whiſper? For, as I remember, they were not preſent at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors Fault, and not mine; for the two Kings ſhould (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the Door, juſt as the other went off.

Smi. That indeed would have done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I Gad, theſe Fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in Chriſtendom. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to Gad I have been ſo highly diſobliged by the Peremptorineſs of theſe Fellows, that I'm reſolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I Gad. So; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, and falls aſleep, making Love to his Miſtreſs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman: a Knight.

SCENA.

SCENA III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Pret. HOw ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And, againſt Fate, what Mortal dares repine?
Enter Cloris.
But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet, is it not? [*Lyes down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! mark that; I Gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpriz'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*Sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep in the nick? His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now here ſhe muſt make a *Simile.*

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpriz'd. That's a general Rule, you muſt ever make a *Simile*, when you are ſurpriz'd; 'tis the New way of Writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Etna*, find
T' have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright Eye diſappears,
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.
[*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, Methinks, this *Simile* wants a little Application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to Paſſion, to Conſuming, to Dying, and all that; which, you know, are the Natural Effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Prettyman *ſtarts up and ſays*——

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing, what you pleaſe; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

Smi. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

Bayes. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this New way of Writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret, till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir (do you mark me)——a——

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all.

Bayes. I do ſo, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I Gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of Buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'l think it no unwiſe diſcourſe this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Diſcourſe I over-heard once betwixt two Grand, Sober, Governing perſons.

SCENA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Uſh. COme, Sir; let's ſtate the matter of Fact, and lay our Heads together.

Phyſ. Right: lay our Heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a Snuff-Box in my hand, and then I fegue it away i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo, I'Gad, always.

Uſh. The grand queſtion is, whether they heard us Whiſper? hich I divide thus. *Phyſ.*

Phyſ. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

Smi. That's very Complaiſant, I ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of anotherman's pinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay I bring in none, here, but Well-bred perſons I aſſure you.

Uſh. I divided the queſtion into, When they heard, What they heard, and Whether they heard, or no.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably divided I ſwear!

Uſh. As to the When; you ſay, juſt now: So that is anſwer'd. Then, as for what; why, What anſwers it ſelf: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt queſtion, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smi. This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

Uſh. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that queſtion.

Phyſ. No, you'll anſwer better, pray let me ask it you.

Uſh. Your Will muſt be a Law.

Phyſ. Come then, what is it I muſt ask?

Smi. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has ſomewhat a ſhort Memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Uſh. You muſt ask me, Whether they heard us whiſper?

Phyſ. Well, I do ſo. *Uſh.* Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the braveſt work that ever I ſaw.

Johnſ. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I'Gad, in Buſineſs.

Phyſ. Did they hear us whiſper?

Uſh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word Whiſper: to whiſper, in Latin is *Suſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly, they heard us whiſper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the How; how did they hear us whiſper? Why, as to that, there are two ways: the one, by Chance, or Accident, the other on Purpoſe; that is, with Deſign to hear us whiſper.

Phyſ. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Phy-

Uſh. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this; for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I ſuppoſe, that's the Reaſon why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confeſs, I was not unwilling, beſides, to ſhew the world a pattern, here, how Men ſhould talk of Buſineſs.

Johnſ. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes; I think, this will do.

Phyſ. Well, if they heard us Whiſper, they'll turn us out, and no body elſe will take us.

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phyſ. Let's then no more our ſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not Safe until we them Unthrone.

Uſh. 'Tis right;
And ſince occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'll ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that Chair.

They draw their Swords, and ſit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.

Bayes. There's now an odd ſurprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topſie-turvy, without any puther or ſtir in the whole World, I Gad.

Johnſ. A very ſilent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is ſo. And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

The Uſurpers march out flouriſhing their Swords.

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: What a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have ſaid a little more, upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under-writ his Part, on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.

Johnſ. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But, pray, Sir, how came they to Depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign

ſign to do it before; but could never put it in practice till now: And to tell you true, that's one Reaſon why I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

Smi. O very well: now I'm fully ſatisfi'd.

Bayes. And then to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done ſo very eaſily neither; in this next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smi. O, ho: So then you make the Struggle to be, after the Buſineſs is done?

Bayes. Aye.

Smi. O, I conceive you: That I ſwear, is very natural.

SCENA V.

Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Souldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. *They all kill one another. Muſick ſtrikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold! [*To the Muſick. It ceaſeth.*] Now here's an odd ſurprize: All theſe dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead Men? Remember your note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Muſick.* Now, now, now, O Lord, O Lord! } *The Muſick play his Note, and the dead Men riſe; but cannot get in order.* Out, out, out! Did ever Men ſpoil a good thing ſo! No Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempeſt*, I Gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! Impoſſible? Why Gentlemen, if there be any Faith in any perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſate up two whole nights in compoſing this Air, and apting it for the buſineſs: For, if you obſerve, there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of time,

and

and time; you ſhall ſee me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lies down flat upon his Face.*
Now mark my Note *Effaut flat.* Strike up Muſick, Now. [*As he riſes up haſtily, he falls down again.*
Ah, Gadſookers, I have broke my Noſe.

Johnſ. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A Plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenterhooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he muſt break his Noſe, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

Smi. No indeed, Sir; I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir; I'll go get you ſome within preſently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the Dance and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horſemen. [*Exit* Bayes.

Smi. Like Horſemen! What a Plague, can that be?

[*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 *Sol.* A Devil! Let's try this no longer: Play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with ſo. [*Dance & exeunt.*

Smi. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Noſe?

Johnſ. Prethee let's go ſee. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Bayes *with a Paper on his Noſe, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOw, Sirs, this I do, becauſe my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith that Fancy is very good, but I ſhould hardly have broke my Noſe for it, tho.

Johnſ.

Johns. That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are so, I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own Wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I Gad, between Prince *Prettyman* and his Taylor: it might properly enough be call'd a Prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another, Snip, snap, Hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, Slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, Dash with a new Conceipt: and so eternally, eternally, I Gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

[*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What, a Plague, does this Fop mean by his Snip snap, Hit for hit, and Dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life, what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Prettyman *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you dye with Laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold; 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for Conceit.

Pret. But prithee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs Marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; and one Woman cannot be satisfied with nine Men: What Work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

Bayes. Good!

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the Work I cut out, I sha'n't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again!

Pret. I am afraid thy Journeymen, tho, *Tom*, wo'nt work by the Day, but by the Night.

Bayes. Good still!

Thim. However if my Wife sits but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation Sute.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith!

Pret. Why, the Times then lived upon Trust; it was the Fashion.

Fashion. You would not be out of Time, at such a Time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of Fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp Rogue when thou art angry, I see: Thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I Gad.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own Coyn: you give me nothing but Words.

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope, shortly, I shall have another Coyn for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of Metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't; he does not top his Part.

Thim. That's the Way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the King's-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the Hilts, I Gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis Snip Snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not Pleasant, nor to the Purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot stands still?

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I Gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the Common pitch, I Gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad Fate, I must confess: but you Write on still, for all that?

Bayes.

Bayes. Write on? I, I Gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk ſhall ſtop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they ſay? What, are they gone, without ſinging my laſt new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, if I have any skill in theſe matters, I vow to Gad, this Song is peremptorily the very beſt that ever yet was Written: you muſt know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* firſt Wife, after ſhe was dead?

Smi. How, Sir? after ſhe was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after ſhe was dead. Why, what have you to ſay to that?

Johnſ. Say, why, nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to ſay to that?

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did ſhe come to dye, pray, Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a Fall; but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing ſhe was kill'd by an Accident, he ſuppoſes, with a Sigh, that ſhe dy'd for love of him.

Johnſ. I, I, that is well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel fair *Armida*, *On Seas and in Battels*, *in Bullets*, and all that.

SONG.

IN Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,
Than in a ſtrong Caſtle, remoted from thee:
My deaths-bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a Wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would firſt lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blew on my breſt when you happen to ſee,
You'll ſay, with a Sigh, there's a True blew for me.

E Ha,

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I Gad; for you must know I am as pleasant a Debauchee, as ever you saw: I am i'faith.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts and Dances, if you mean to —— a ——

Johns. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. I Gad, and you have nick'd it: Hark you Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, I Gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the Measure I go by: my Play is my Touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of Parts, is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara vuyant*, I Gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCENA II.

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Usb. BUt what's become of *Volscius* the Great?
His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from Emulation sprung,
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope.*

Smi. I thank you Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

Usb.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'r it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godsoulers you'll spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Bayes. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the Fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of standers-by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the Country sent,
And he himself to *Peccadille* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! Is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a Passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, I Gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the Fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir.

Smi. Nay; if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that, with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in that is supposed to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

SCENA III.

Enter Amaryllis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. WHat shout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twit'nam* Town, the false Assassinate is tane.

Amq. Thanks to the Powers above, for t his deliverance.
I hope its slow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all Future End.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all Future end? No, no; to all future End: You must lay the Accent upon End, or else you lose the Conceipt.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attack the noblest Soul of Humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. What did Prince *Prettyman* hire you to kill Prince *Prettyman*?

Fish, No; Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

Fish. No; Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. So drag him hence;
Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: And that's the design of this Scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several Design for every Scene.

Bayes. I, that's my way of Writing; and so Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I Gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENA. IV.

SO now enter Prince *Prettyman* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Prettyman*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! All's marr'd, I vow to Gad, quite marr'd.

Phoo,

Enter Prettyman.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you pleaſe. I vow to Gad, Mr.——a——I would not give a Button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What [illegible]?

Bayes. What Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you ſhould have come out in Choler, ruſh't upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

Johnſ. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable Matter, that he's ſo angry at.

Smi. I am not of your Opinion.

Bayes. Piſh! come let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?
Altho a Fiſherman, he is my Father.
Was ever Son yet brought to this Diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made Fatherleſs?
Ah, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father;
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johnſ. A Devil, this is the worſt of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I proteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

Bayes. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a Queſtion's there! did ever any man ask ſuch a Queſtion? Godſookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd Queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

Johnſ. Nay the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me ſee, taken; O 'tis true: Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſherman, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, prithee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this Murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſherman, upon Suſpicion, was ſeiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, ſo, now 'tis very plain.

Johnſ.

Johns. But Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fisherman's Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while; I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter Prettyman *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods I'l set the World on Fire,
Rather than let 'em Ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Prettyman*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now; there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thicken's very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this Darkness can evince?
Sometimes a Fisher's Son, sometimes a Prince:
It is a Secret, great as is the World;
In which, I, like the Soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
And when she writ my Name, she made a Blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blust'ring Verse for you now!

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fisherman's Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

SCENA V.

Reads, Enter Prince Volscius, *going out of Town.*

Smi. I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his Design.

Johns. What Design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge.*

Johns.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more Business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amaryllis, *and* Harry *with a Riding Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are Cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country Solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least;
Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company! Prettily expresst! Held the honour of your Company! Godsookers, these Fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you Sir, I admire it extreamly! I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I; he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us too this single Boon obtain,
That you will here with poor Us, still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our Fate,
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volf. *Harry*, My Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*! Stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things safe, I Gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! How frail are all my best Resolves!
How, in a moment, is my Purpose chang'd!

Too

Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my Fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town Walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johns. I, I; I Gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar Vestments High-born Beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes, The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volf. O inauspicious Stars! That I was born
To sudden Love, and to more sudden Scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volscius* in Love? Ha, ha, ha.
Clor. }

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some Jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots falls in Love with her. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well; and where lies the Jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [*Turns to* Johnson.

Johns. Why; in the Boots: Where should the Jest lie?

Bayes. I Gad you are in the right: It does [*Turns to* Smith. Lie in the Boots —— Your Friend, and I know where a good Jest lies, though you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good do't you Sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a Combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius *sits down to pull on his Boots:* Bayes *Stands by and over acts the Part as he speaks it.*

Volf. How has my Passion made me *Cupid's* scoff!
This hasty Boot is on, the other off.
And fallen lies with Amorous design
To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi.

Smi. Prithee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this ſpeech himſelf!

Johnſ. Yes, the Fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Volſ. My Legs, the Emblem of my various Thought,
Shew to what ſad diſtraction I am brought.
Sometimes, with ſtubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My Mind is guarded, and reſolv'd, to do't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by Love
Diſarmed, like this other Leg does prove,
Shall I to Honour, or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love ſaies, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;
But ſofter Love does whiſper, put on none.
What ſhall I do? What conduct ſhall I find
To lead me through this Twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither. [*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*

Johnſ. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combate as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now I Gad, ha? For, to go off hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any concluſion in the World, I Gad.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip-hop, in this Place as you ſay, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I ſet off a Scene I Gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petty-coat, and the Belly-ake.

Smi. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whoſe Father was not to ſee it, that came in by chance.

Johnſ. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The easiest i'th' World, I Gad: I'll tell you how; I made the Prince sit down upon the Pettycoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Bellyake: whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and his man ran away with the Pettycoat.

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

Johns O my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha; beastly, downright baudry upon the Stage, I Gad; ha, ha, ha, but with an infinite deal of Wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I Gad can't it. Come bring in the Dance. [*Exit to call 'em.*

Smi. Now the Devil take thee for a Silly, Confident, Unnatural, Fulsom Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes. Pray Dance well, before these Gentlemen: your are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tah.

All the while they Dance, Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it cost me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I Gad, these Players are such Dull persons, that if a man be not by 'em upon every Point, and at every Turn, I Gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'l doit my ſelf.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But Mr. *Johnſon*, I Gad, I am not like other perſons; they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get Money for 'em: Now, I Gad, when I Write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be in every Circumſtance, to every particular, I Gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my Wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole World. For what care I for Money? I write for Fame, and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir; I have a Precedent for it beſides. A perſon of Honour, and a *Scholar*, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: And he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral as any man in *England*, I Gad.

Johnſ. Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

Bayes. I Gad, but I have another Device, a Frolick, which I think yet better than all this: not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to thoſe Matters) but for another Contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I Gad, be acted in leſs than a whole Week, and I'll ſpeak a

bold Word, it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, I Gad, with any the moſt Warlike Tragedy we have, either Ancient or Modern.

Johnſ. I, marry, Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

Smi. And pray Sir, how have you order'd this ſame Frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example: they divided their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: Now, I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe?

Johnſ. Nay, if you ſhould not be Maſter of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Sence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has ſomething of the Reaſon of a Play in it too: for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play; what do me I, but make five Playes to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that; there's the main Point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Munday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole Matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

Johnſ. That Conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed I think, will be very neceſſary.

Smi. And when comes in your ſhare, pray Sir?

Bayes. The Third Week.

Johnſ. I vow you'l get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man muſt live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon ſome new device, I Gad, you'l never do it; for this Age (take it o'my Word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. But There's one pretty odd Paſſage in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed two ſeveral Ways, wherein I'd have your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Johnſ. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male perſon to be in Love with a Female.

Smi.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear. He having paſſionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at laſt that ſhe conſents to his Love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf. That's one way. The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills her ſelf. Now my queſtion is, which of theſe two perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

Johnſ. By my troth, it is a very hard Caſe to decide.

Bayes. The hardeſt in the World, I Gad, and has puzled this pate very much. What ſay you Mr. *Smith*.

Smi. Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your Juſtice now, I would ſpare 'em both.

Bayes. I Gad, and I think——ha——why then I'll make him hinder her from killing her ſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there: No, no, here, Sir. So now ſpeak.

K. Uſh. Set down the Funeral Pile; and let our grief
Receive from it's embraces, ſome relief.

K. Phyſ. Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her Breath,
And, in Life's ſtead, to leave us nought but Death?
The World diſcovers now it's emptineſs,
And, by her loſs, demonſtrates we have leſs.

Bayes. Is not this good Language now? Is not that Elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I Gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

Smi. Lardella! I, who is ſhe?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-ſheet.

K. Uſh. Lardella, O *Lardella!* from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſues of our Love.
Pity us, ſinking under grief and pain,
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I Gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt Mr. —— a ——you will not have patience.

Johnſ. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtreſs, ſnubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Juſtice.

Johnſ. A very pretty Character!

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great Humanity and Juſtice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been ſo; but for my part, I prefer that one Quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies above all your Moral Virtues put together, I Gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper! [*To the Players.*

K. Phyſ. O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the Paper.*

Bayes. Piſh! nay, you are ſuch a fumbler. Come, I'll read it my ſelf. [*Takes a paper from off the Coffin.* Stay, it's an ill Hand: I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This now is a Copy of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

Smi. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now I Fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a Woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

Bayes. O'my word you are out tho, Sir; I Gad, you are.

Smi. What then? like a Man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

Smi. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be ſo, Sir. But it is, tho, in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the Tranſmigration of the Soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz. King* Phyſ.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favour, for an Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay,

I

I understand that better: It has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since Death my Earthly part will thus remove [*Reads.*
I'll come an humble Bee to your chast Love:
With silent Wings I'll follow you dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, Buz.
And when to melancholly Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For Sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smi. (*after a pause.*) Admirably!

Bayes. At Night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep;
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great Promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary Comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from Dangers I will free;
But most from Love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I Gad, but is that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your Birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly;
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd Fancy, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I Think, for a dead person, it is a good enough way of making Love: For being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty Amorous designs, that are Innocent, and yet Passionate. Come draw your Swords.

K. Phys. Come Sword, come sheath thy self within this breast,
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come Dagger, come and penetrate this Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, ſtop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas*'s Commands:
For the ſuppoſed Dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
Lardella lives; I did but try,
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Celeſtial Conſtancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from theſe Funeral Obſequies
A Nuptial Banquet ſhall ariſe.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is diſcover'd.*

Bayes. So take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the Fair perſon which *Volſcius* ſent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you ſee, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is this Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we muſt firſt have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things Properly, at leaſt.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye ſo, Sir? I am glad you will confeſs your ſelf once in an error, Mr. *Smith*.

Dance.

K. Uſh. Reſplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fierceſt Beauty, and a fiercer Mind:
And ſince to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'll ſupple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phyſ. Well, ſince alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let, in full Bowls, her Health go round.

[*The two Uſurpers take each of them a Bowl in their hands.*

K. Uſh. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That ſhall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the pureſt Wine of *France*: } *Fills the Bowls*
And, to appeaſe your hunger, I } *out of her Lance.*
Have in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Laſtly, to bear a part with theſe,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheeſe. [*Vaniſh* Pallas.

Bayes.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you ſatisfi'd now, Sir?

Johnſ. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I know this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanſir.

K. Phyſ. What Man is this, that dares diſturb our Feaſt?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares Dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johnſ. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to ſay, that tho he would rather dye than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the Conceipt on't.

Johnſ. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I ſwear.

Bayes. Now there are ſome Criticks that have adviſ'd me to put out the Second *Dare*, and print *Muſt* in the place on't; but, I Gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johnſ. Whoh! A thouſand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K Uſh. Sir, if you pleaſe, we ſhould be glad to know,
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'll go.

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred perſon, I Gad? So Modeſt, ſo Gent.

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'll take your Bowls away.

{ *Snatches the Bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) Modeſt and Gent?

Bayes. No, I Gad, Sir, but it's Great.

K. Uſh. Tho, Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,
He'll leave us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll ſtare away his very Pow'r to drink.

{ *The two Kings ſneak off the Stage with their Attendants.*

I Drink, I Huff, I Strut, look big, and Stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*

Smi. I suppose, Mr *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: You shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I Gad, as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth the seeing indeed.

Smi. But pray Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! That is to raise the Character of *Drawcansir*.

Johns. O my word that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather indeed the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what's your Design in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is guilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit; smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I Gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr—a--nay; come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well but when the Stage is full.

SCENA II.

Enter Prince Prettyman, *and Prince* Volscius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: For I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in Love with the same Woman.

Smi. Not in Love? You mean, I suppose, because they are in Love, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir; I say not in Love: There's a new Conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since Fate, Prince *Volscius*, now has found the way
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,

Lend

Lend thy Attention to my grand concern.

Volſ. I gladly would that Story from thee learn:
But thou to Love doſt, *Prettyman*, incline:
Yet Love in thy breaſt, is not Love in mine!

Bayes. *Antitheſis!* Thine and mine.

Pret. Since Love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaſoning! I Gad, I love Reaſoning in Verſe.

Volſ. Love takes, *Camelion*-like, a Various Dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lye.

Bayes. *Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy Love the Courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.

Volſ. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verſe!

Volſ. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright Flames make all Flames elſe look pale.

Bayes. I Gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy Love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be Ador'd with Sacrifice.
All Hearts turn Aſhes which her Eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.

Volſ. My Love has, yet, a Power more Divine:
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidſt the Flames they ne're give up the Ghoſt,
But with her Looks revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of Pain, and Death, they'r kept alive:
Her fiery Eyes make 'em in Fire ſurvive.

Bayes. That is as well, I Gad, as I can do.

Volſ. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I Gad.

Pret. I'll ſooner have a Paſſion for a Whale;
In whoſe vaſt Bulk, tho ſtore of Oyl doth lye,
We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, I Gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho, I Gad, as e're you ſaw.

Volſ. Soft, *Prettyman*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect Love, defame Loves excellence.
Parthenope is ſure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all his Love.

Bayes. Ah! I Gad, that ſtrikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volſ. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: For fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themſelves, Un-god themſelves to ſee.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godſookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his Perruke falls off.*

Volſ. Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a Heavenly State,
Parthenope on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a hold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my Perruke. Well Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but my ſelf. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I Gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johnſ. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the knack of writing ſmooth Verſe thus.

Smi. Why, there's no need of Brain for this: 'tis but ſcanning: The labours in the finger; but where's the Senſe of it?

Johnſ. O', for that, he deſires to be excus'd: he is too proud a Man to creep ſervilely after Senſe, I aſſure you. But pray Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verſe?

Bayes. O Sir, the Subject is too great for Proſe.

Smi. Well ſaid, i'faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that anſwer: 'tis well worth it.

Bays. Come with all my heart.
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle Line, I Gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti. ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'l ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not for words, for thoſe I do not value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine, I'l juſtifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I Gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eighth, and grander too, I Gad; for inſtead of two Biſhops, I bring in here, four Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the uſurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, *Prince* Volſcius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. *before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the Reaſon that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, becauſe —— By Gad, I wo'nt tell you: your Country Friend, Sir, grows ſo troubleſome!

K. Uſh. Now, Sir, to the Buſineſs of the Day.

K. Phyſ. Speak *Volſcius.*

Volſ. Dread Soveraign Lords, my Zeal to you muſt not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Prettyman* firſt do ſpeak, whoſe high Preheminence, in all things that do bear the Name of Good, may juſtly claim that Priviledge.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold, you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johnſ. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that Diſcovery.

Pret. Royal Father upon my Knees I beg,
That the Illuſtrious *Volſcius* firſt be heard.

Volſ. That preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make Her ſpeak very well, by and by, you ſhall ſee. *Ama.* Invincible Soveraigns —— [*Soft Muſick.*

K. Uſh.

K. Uſh. But ſtay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?
K. Phyſ. Sure 'tis the Muſick of the moving Spheres.
Pret. Behold with Wonder, yonder comes from far,
A God-like Cloud, and a Triumphant Car:
In which, our two right Kings ſit one by one,
With Virgins Veſts, and Laurel Garlands on.
K. Uſh. Then Brother *Phyſ.* 'tis time we ſhould be gon.

{ *The two Uſurpers ſteal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as eaſie a Change as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did ſo; tho I confeſs, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I ſee.

{ *The two right Kings of* Brentford *deſcend in the Clouds, ſinging, in white Garments; and three Fidlers ſitting before them, in green.*

Bayes. Now, becauſe the two right Kings deſcend from above, I make 'em ſing to the Tune, and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1. *King.* Haſte, Brother King, we are ſent from above,
2. *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate,
Of *Brentford*'s long united State.
1. *King.* Tarra, tan-tara, full Eaſt and by South,
We ſail with Thunder in our Mouth.
2. *King.* In ſcorching noon day, whil'ſt the Traveller ſtays,
Buſie, Buſie, Buſie, Buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly Throng,
Haſting to thoſe
Who will feaſt us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.
1. *King.* And we'l fall with our Pate
In an *Olio* of hate.
2. *King.* But now Supper's done the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to ſtorm a whole Half-moon Pye.
1. *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtards in Spoons,
But alas! I muſt leave theſe Half-moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2. *King.*

2 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tyde, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberts, we'll Snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll firk in our shell,
And farewel.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a *Coranto* of *France.*

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no *Coranto.*

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No *Coranto*, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carreer,
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King,
To save the Distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That e'er a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla.

[Bayes *philips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johns. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir: what thing would you have?

Smi. Well, but methinks the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why did you ever hear any People in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of Fancy, at its full Range, without the least Check, or Controul upon it. When once

once you tie up Spirits, and People in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious Counsel, we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. *But first, let's have a Dance.* Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of Thought, and Pre-meditation. *But first, let's have a Dance.* Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this Rogue; there's no induring of him.

Johns. No, prithee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now. [*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What saucy Groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our Health.

Smi. How, Mr. *Bayes*? the Army in disguise?

Bayes. Ay Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Design.

1. *King.* Here take five Guineys for those Warlike Men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the Sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amaryllis*.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, Blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture——

Drum beats behind the Stage.

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sol. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal Persons save;

For

For the Event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to words and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handſome come off?

2. *King.* O dangerous Eſtate of Soveraign Pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every Hour.

1. *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threatning Storms may paſs away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us juſt now, to make *Amaryllis* ſpeak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay ſo that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

Johnſ. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the Battel, Sir, that's juſt coming in at Door: And I'll tell you now a ſtrange thing, tho I don't pretend to do more than other Men, I Gad, I'll give you both a whole Week to gueſs how I'll repreſent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I aſſure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now; fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing: Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have Men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johnſ. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right. On the other ſide, to have a long Relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johnſ. Excellently reaſon'd, by my Troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indecorums, I ſum up my whole Battel in the Repreſentation of two Perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to Gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand Men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear tho, for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho, when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour *Cap-a-pe*, with their Swords drawn, and hung with a ſcarlet Ribbon at their Wriſts, (which, you know, repreſents Fighting enough.)

Johnſ. I, I; ſo much, that, if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again, without ever ſpeaking one Word.

Bayes. No; there You are out: for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his Hand.

Smi. How Sir? inſtead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more Queſtions. I make 'em, Sir, play the Battle in *Recitativo*. And here's the Conceit. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a war-like Poſture: ſo that you have at once your Ear entertain'd with Muſick and good Language; and your Eye ſatisfied with the Garb, and Accoutrements of War.

Smi. I confeſs Sir, you ſtupifie me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little Fighting? for I love thoſe Plays, where they Cut and Slaſh one another upon the Stage for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why then to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Johnſ. I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected againſt it.

Bayes. True: and ſo, I Gad, I'l make it too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

Enter, at ſeveral doors the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, *with each of them a Lute in his Hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a Scarlet Ribbon at his Wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain thou Lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The Lye no Fleſh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance from *Acton* with the Muſqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſeers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of, *Chelſey* Curiaſeers,
Shall in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,

Join

Join with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right.
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twit'nam* Foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern Hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance,
And ſcour the Meadows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreants Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Purſue, purſue; they flie,
That firſt did give the Lie. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johnſ. Moſt exceeding well deſign'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this battel?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipſe; Which, let me tell you, is a kind of Fancy that was yet never ſo much as thought of, but by my ſelf, and one perſon more, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night Darkneſs does invade the Day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey;
Is the Sun weary of this Bloody ſight,
And winks upon us with the Eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipſe. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe: thou this in vain haſt done;
My brighter Honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. This is an admirable repreſentation of a Battel, as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you Fancy now to repreſent an Eclipſe?

Smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose; ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain: but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't Mr. *Bayes*. A great deal better.

[Bayes *hugs* Johnson, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but——a——Sir, you have heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smi. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey; hum: And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses by Demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has Fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. *Orbis*, O *Orbis*,
Come to me, thou little Rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra filius*, my Honey?

Luna. *Luna* that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* to be so pale?

Luna. *Luna* means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin-Hood.

Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Derry, derry down.
To ſee the *Orb* abuſe.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of love.
Hey down derry down.

Orb. Where ſhall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow ſoon, e'er it be Noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* [*Bis.*

Sol. Then I will ſhine. [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c. [*As they Dance the Hey,* Bayes *ſpeaks.*

Bayes. Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipſe again.

Smi. He's mightily taken with this, I ſee.

Johnſ. I, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chuſe?

Bayes. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

[*A Battel is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt,* Drawcanſir *comes in and kills 'em all on both ſides. All this while the Battle is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I, the Blood of thouſands daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I ſlay both Friend and Foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſemen my ſwift Rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would purſue and beat 'em through the Skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, ſee,
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is than He. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Hiſtories, and your Romances too, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir.*

Johnſ. I ſwear, I think you may.

Smi.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead Men go off? For I ſee none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off? Why as they came on; upon their legs: how ſhould they go off? Why do you think the People here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty Ignorant, poor man; your Friend here is very Silly, Mr. *Johnſon*, I Gad, he is, ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll ſhow you how they ſhall go off. Riſe, riſe, Sirs, and go about your Buſineſs. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Will you ſo? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. I, prithee let's go, that we may preſerve our Hearing. One Battle more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'll go fetch 'em again.

1. *Play.* What ſhall we do now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, ſo much the better; then let's go to Dinner.

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's ſee what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

Reads. The Argument of the fifth Act.

3 *Play. Cloris* at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Prettyman*'s Paſſion, conſents to marry him; but, juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Prettyman* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers Widdow, and remembring it was ſhe that firſt brought him acquainted with *Cloris*, out of a high point of Honour, breaks off his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: And Prince *Prettyman*, diſcontentedly, walks by the River ſide. This will never do: 'Tis juſt like the reſt. Come let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Moſt of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A Plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat, to run after 'em. A couple of Senſeleſs Raſcals, that had rather go to Dinner than ſee this Play out, with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for ſuch dull Rogues? Come Mr—— a —— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why, an't please your Worship, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

Bayes. How! Are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: The Players gone to Dinner! I Gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A Company of Proud, Conceited, Humorous, Cross-grain'd persons, and all that, I Gad, I'll make them the most Contemptible, Despicable, Inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I Gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town say, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! why what care I for the Town? I Gad, the Town has used me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll lampoon 'em all. And since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewel to this Stage, I Gad, for ever. [*Exit* Bayes.

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play.

2 *Play.* I, I; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practice the last Dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tyring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That Circumstance our Poet Bayes *forgot.*
And we can boast, tho' 'tis a Plotting Age,
No place is freer from it, than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, tho, and strove to please
With Sense that might be understood with ease;
They every Scene with so much Wit did store,
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this New Way of Wit does so surprise,
Men lose their Wits in wondring where it lies.
If it be true, that Monstrous Births presage
The following Mischiefs that afflict the Age,
And sad Disasters to the State proclaim;
Plays without head or tail, may do the same.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdom's peace,
May this Prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have at least, once in our lives a time
When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
We have these Ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Prose, and Sense.

FINIS.